Ber. This is the liuer veine, which makes fleſh a deitie.
A Greene Gooſe, a Coddeſſe, pure pure Idolatrie.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom ſhall I ſend this (company?) Stay.
Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here ſit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles ſecrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sackes to the myll. O heauens I haue my wiſh,
Dumaine tranſform'd, foure Woodcocks in a diſh.
Dum. O moſt diuine *Kate*.
Bero. O moſt prophane coxcombe.
Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.
Bero. By earth ſhe is not, corporall, there you lye.
Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted,
Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.
Dum. As vpright as the Cedar.
Ber. Stoope I ſay her ſhoulder is with-child.
Dum. As faire as day.
Ber. I as ſome dayes, but then no Sunne muſt ſhine.
Dum. O that I had my wiſh?
Lon. And I had mine.
Kin. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen, ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer ſhe
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your bloud, why then inciſion
Would let her out in Sawcers, ſweet miſpriſion.
Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can vary Wit.

Dumaine readeshis Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whoſe Month is euery May,
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Velure, leaues the winde,
All vnſeene, can paſſage finde.

That

That the Louer ſicke to dea
Wiſh himſelfe the heauens
Ayre (quoth he) thy chee
Ayre, would I might trio
But alacke my hand is ſwo
Nere to plucke thee from t
Vow alacke for youth vnm
Youth ſo apt to plucke a ſw
Doe not call it ſinne in me,
That I am forſworne for t
Thou for whom Ioue *woul*
Iuno *but an Æthiope wer*
And denie himſelfe for Io
Turning mortall for thy L
This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe
That ſhall expreſſe my true-loues fa
O would the King, *Berowne* and *L*
Were Louers two, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a pe
For none offend, where all alike do

Lon. Dumaine, thy Loue is farre
That in Loues griefe deſir'ſt ſocietie
You may looke pale, but I ſhould b
To be ore-heard, and taken napping

Kin. Come ſir, you bluſh: as his
You chide at him, offending twice
You doe not Loue *Maria*? *Longau*
Did neuer Sonnet for her ſake com
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes a
His louing boſome, to keepe down
I haue beene cloſely ſhrowded in thi
And markt you both, and for you b
I heard your guilty Rimes, obſeru'
Saw ſighes reeke from you, noted w
Aye me, ſayes one! O *Ioue*! the oth
On her haires were gold, Chriſtall
You would for Paradiſe breake Fait
And *Ioue* for your Loue, would inf
What will *Berowne* ſay when that h